



64 DIGITAL EDITION

# SPAWN



Capullo  
97

McFARLANE  
-M-  
WOLF



Todd McFarlane &  
Image Comics presents...

# CHECKMATE

*Dedicated to the Memory of  
Mary Doonanco*



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## *Spawn N°63 Summary*

A shaken Jason Wynn tells his security forces about a "terrorist threat" on his life and they reinforce the area. Meanwhile, Spawn's face has healed itself. Although startled and confused about this new turn of events, Al forms plans to further intimidate Jason Wynn to ensure Wanda's safety and then win her back. When Al tells Terry of his plans, a rift again develops between the old friends. Later, Cog counsels Spawn to get him to reconsider his decisions. Elsewhere in the city, Sam and Twitch are pondering how some of their previous cases seem to be tied together when they receive a hot tip and head to the alley.

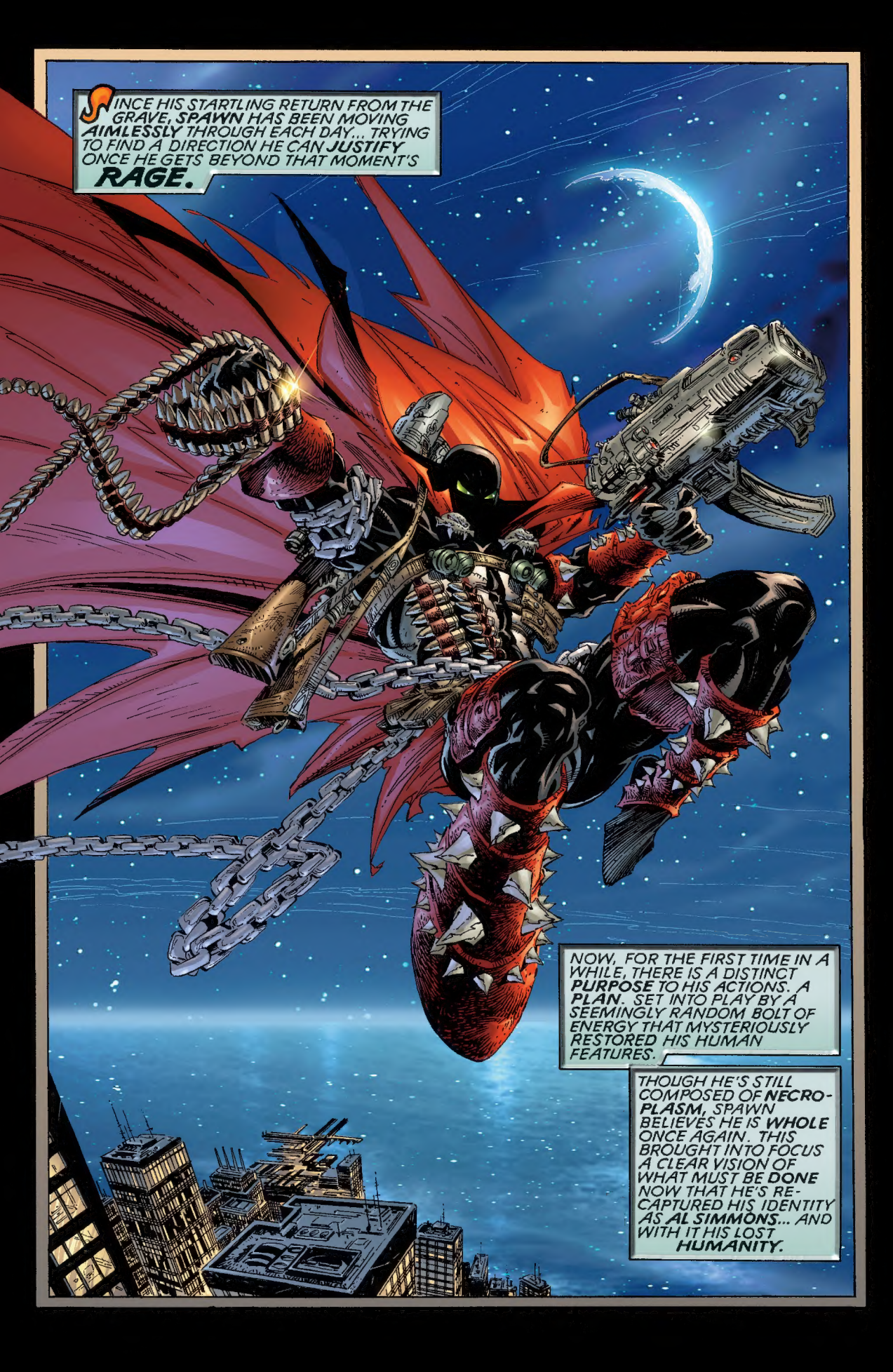
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TODD MCFARLANE  
PRODUCTIONS

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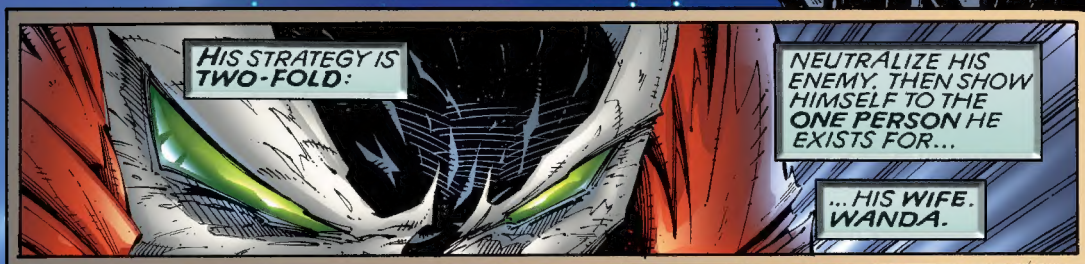
A full-page comic book illustration of the character Spawn. He is shown from the waist up, floating in a dark blue space filled with stars. He has a large, flowing red cape and a black tactical suit with various mechanical and cybernetic components. His right arm is replaced by a large, multi-jointed mechanical claw with sharp teeth. He holds a large, futuristic assault rifle in his left hand. His face is a black mask with glowing green eyes. Below him, a city skyline is visible against a lighter blue horizon. In the upper right, a crescent moon is visible.

SINCE HIS STARTLING RETURN FROM THE GRAVE, SPAWN HAS BEEN MOVING AIMLESSLY THROUGH EACH DAY... TRYING TO FIND A DIRECTION HE CAN JUSTIFY ONCE HE GETS BEYOND THAT MOMENT'S **RAGE.**

NOW, FOR THE FIRST TIME IN A WHILE, THERE IS A DISTINCT PURPOSE TO HIS ACTIONS. A PLAN. SET INTO PLAY BY A SEEMINGLY RANDOM BOLT OF ENERGY THAT MYSTERIOUSLY RESTORED HIS HUMAN FEATURES.

THOUGH HE'S STILL COMPOSED OF NECRO-PLASM, SPAWN BELIEVES HE IS WHOLE ONCE AGAIN. THIS BROUGHT INTO FOCUS A CLEAR VISION OF WHAT MUST BE DONE NOW THAT HE'S RE-CAPTURED HIS IDENTITY AS AL SIMMONS... AND WITH IT HIS LOST HUMANITY.





HIS STRATEGY IS  
TWO-FOLD:

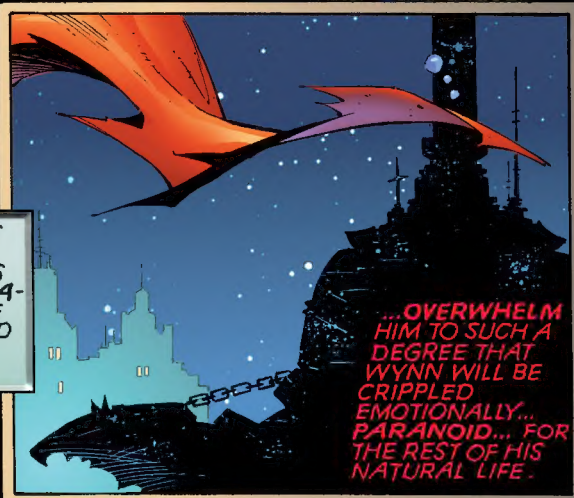
NEUTRALIZE HIS  
ENEMY, THEN SHOW  
HIMSELF TO THE  
ONE PERSON HE  
EXISTS FOR...

... HIS WIFE.  
WANDA.



BUT HE CAN'T INVADE  
HER LIFE UNLESS HE'S  
SURE HE CAN PROTECT  
HER. THAT'S WHY  
TONIGHT BECOMES SO  
VERY IMPORTANT.

IF STRENGTH IS  
POWER, AND  
POWER COMES  
FROM DOMINA-  
TION, THEN HE  
MEANS TO LORD  
OVER JASON  
WYNN...



... OVERWHELM  
HIM TO SUCH A  
DEGREE THAT  
WYNN WILL BE  
CRIPPLED  
EMOTIONALLY...  
PARANOID... FOR  
THE REST OF HIS  
NATURAL LIFE.



ORIGINALLY, SPAWN WANTED TO JUST KILL HIM. BUT IT WASN'T THAT SIMPLE. WYNN ANTICIPATED THAT RISK, AND TIED HIS OWN SAFETY TO THAT OF PEOPLE WHO SPAWN HAS, INEXPLICABLY, SHOWN AN INTEREST. SO INSTEAD, HE GAVE WYNN HIS WARNING:

"STAY AWAY FROM WANDA AND HER FAMILY. DO I MAKE MYSELF CLEAR?"

BUT HE ALSO KNEW THAT WYNN NEEDED MORE THAN A THREAT.

SO TONIGHT, HE'LL DELIVER THE REST OF THE MESSAGE PERSONALLY.

ALL UNITS HAVE ARRIVED, COMMANDER HULL.

WHAT'S OUR FINAL COUNT?

NEARLY FOUR HUNDRED, SIR.

PERFECT. DEPLOY ALPHA GROUP INTO THE MAIN LOBBY, THEN SEND BAKER AND CHARLIE UNITS NEXT.

I'LL NEED TO BRIEF THE GENERALS ON A FEW DETAILS BEFORE WE STATION THE REMAINING SQUADS. SITUATION STATUS?



"QUIET ON  
ALL FRONTS,  
COMMANDER.  
I'LL KEEP YOU  
POSTED. OVER."

NARROWED GREEN SLITS  
SURVEY THE SEA OF THE  
TECHNO-SECURITY FORCE.

HE CAN'T TAKE  
THEM ON. THERE'S  
FAR TOO MANY  
OF THEM.

BUT THAT'S A  
GOOD THING.  
IT MEANS  
WYNN IS TRULY  
SCARED.

SO, WITH A  
THOUGHT, HE  
MELDS WITH  
HIS SYMBIOTIC  
SUIT. WILL IT  
TO CHANGE.  
MORPH. INTO  
A DESIRED  
STATE THAT  
WILL ENABLE  
HIM TO BLEND  
WITH HIS  
ENEMIES.

YES,  
SIR.

HERE,  
SOLDIER,  
GRAB YOUR  
INFRA-  
GOOGLES  
AND QUIT  
STRAGGLING  
BEHIND.

A GHOST HAS  
NOW BECOME  
CHAMELEON.





ELSEWHERE  
IN THAT  
CONCRETE  
JUNGLE...

SHUT UP!  
I DON'T  
WANT TO  
LISTEN TO  
YOUR LIES  
ANYMORE!

OKAY,  
YOU ALLEY  
PUNKS! **PAY  
ATTENTION!**

I'VE JUST  
ABOUT **HAD** IT WITH  
YOUR DEAF 'N' DUMB ACT.  
NOW I KNOW SPAWN HANGS  
'ROUND HERE **SOMEPLACE**.  
AND BELIEVE ME, I'M  
GOING TO FIND HIM.

SO LET'S  
DROP THE  
SEE-NO-EVIL,  
HEAR-NO-EVIL  
ROUTINE.



HOW 'BOUT  
YOU? RED CAPE.  
LOTS OF SPIKES.  
TIGHT UNDER-  
WEAR. RING  
ANY BELLS?

WELLLL ...  
I THINK IRENE  
THE DOMINATRIX  
IS WHO YOU'RE  
DESCRIBING.

HA HA!  
GOOD  
ONE,  
NEIL!



LOOK!  
IF I WANT A  
SMART-ASS  
ANSWER, I'LL  
ASK FOR ONE.

BUT I'LL  
LET YOU IN  
ON A LITTLE  
SECRET. YOUR  
HERO? YOUR SO-  
CALLED **SAVIOR**?  
HE'S WANTED FOR  
KIDNAPPING AND  
**MURDER**.

GLUK!

SO DON'T  
BE SO SURE  
HE WON'T  
SNUFF YOU IN  
YOUR SLEEP.







CLATTER

DID YOU HEAR THAT, SIR?

YEAH. SOUNDS LIKE WE'VE GOT A PEEPING TOM.



LET'S GO.



EVENTUALLY, THE CONTORTED ALLEY DEAD-ENDS.

OKAY, PUNK! STEP OUT INTO THE LIGHT, AND NO SUDDEN MOVES!



YOU NEEDN'T WORRY ABOUT MY ACTIONS, DETECTIVE. IT'S *YOURS* THAT ARE CAUSE FOR FAR GREATER CONCERN.

WHAT'RE YOU MUMBLING ABOUT?

SPAWN. BILLY KINCAID. YOURSELVES. MR. TWITCH. YOU ARE ALL INSEPARABLY LINKED.

UNFORTUNATELY, WE CAN'T DISCUSS THIS WHILE YOU MEAN TO INTIMIDATE ME WITH YOUR FIRE-POWER.



HOW DO YOU  
KNOW ABOUT  
KINCAID?

THAT'S NOT  
IMPORTANT, IT'S  
JUST A DETAIL. BUT  
I WILL TELL YOU THIS--  
IT WASN'T BY ACCIDENT  
THAT SPAWN LEFT  
KINCAID'S LIFELESS  
BODY IN YOUR  
OFFICE. \*

HE  
PICKED  
YOU TWO  
SPECIFICALLY,  
TO SERVE A  
PURPOSE HE  
HAS IN  
MIND.

LISTEN, BUD,  
WHAT I'M MORE  
CURIOUS ABOUT  
**RIGHT NOW** IS HOW  
THE HELL YOU EVEN  
**KNOW** ABOUT ANY  
OF THIS. YOU GOT  
CONTACTS ON  
THE FORCE? AN  
INFORMANT?

I JUST  
KNOW.

**PLEASE,**  
SIR. LET'S LISTEN  
TO WHAT THIS MAN  
HAS TO SAY. ANY NEW  
INFORMATION HE'LL  
GIVE US WILL HELP  
OUR SEARCH. WE'LL  
WORRY ABOUT  
THE REST  
LATER.

BESIDES,  
I'M SENSING  
HE NEEDS US  
AS MUCH AS  
WE NEED  
HIM.

I'M IN  
NO **MOOD**  
FOR THIS.  
IF YOU'RE  
LOOKIN' FOR  
TROUBLE...

YOU ARE  
VERY WISE,  
DETECTIVE.

THE PERSON  
YOU REFER TO AS 'SPAWN'  
IS NOT HERE AT THE  
MOMENT. HE HAS DELUDED  
HIMSELF INTO BELIEVING HE  
CAN RECAPTURE THE PAST,  
RATHER THAN LIVE IN THE  
PRESENT WHILE  
PLANNING FOR  
THE FUTURE.

AFTER ALL,  
CONFUSION  
**IS** THE STATE  
IN WHICH HELL  
PREFERS HE  
DWELLS.

THAT'S HOW  
THEY CONTROL HIM.  
UNTIL HE CONQUERS  
HIS ANGER, SPAWN  
WILL **NEVER** TRULY  
HAVE A CHANCE OF  
BEING A MAN  
AGAIN.

ARE WE  
SUPPOSED TO  
**BUY** ALL  
THIS?

BELIEVE  
WHAT YOU  
MUST. **MY** JOB  
IS MERELY TO  
**PRESENT**  
THE FACTS.

\*BACK IN  
ISSUE 5--Tom.





ALPHA UNIT  
IN POSITION,  
COMMANDER.

COPY.

OKAY, LET'S  
GET **BAKER**  
UNIT IN. THEY'LL  
RECON THE  
SUBSURFACE  
LEVELS.

ONCE INSIDE, SPAWN  
MOVES PURPOSE-  
FULLY, TO THE  
SOUTHEAST WALL.

HE KNOWS THIS  
BUILDING...

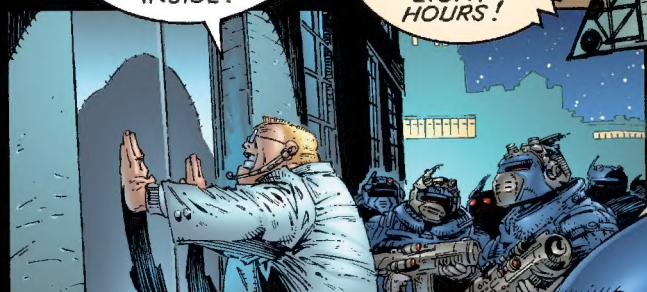
... KNOWS WHAT IT'S  
CAPABLE OF DOING.  
HIS DAYS AS A SANCTIONED  
ENFORCEMENT AGENT  
WERE NOT  
WASTED.



WHAT...?!!

**JEE**  
ZUS  
CHRIST,  
JOHNSON, YOU'VE  
GOT LOCKDOWN.  
I REPEAT. YOU'VE  
GOT **LOCKDOWN!**  
ONLY A **HUNDRED**  
**MEN** MADE IT  
INSIDE!

SOMEONE  
TRIPPED THE  
CODE,  
COMMANDER,  
IT'S SEALED SHUT  
FOR THE NEXT  
EIGHT  
HOURS!



AND SO THE ENEMY  
THEY'VE BEEN MOBILIZED  
TO REPEL HAS JUST  
WALKED THROUGH  
THE FRONT DOORS,  
UNTOUCHED.





**LISTEN UP!**

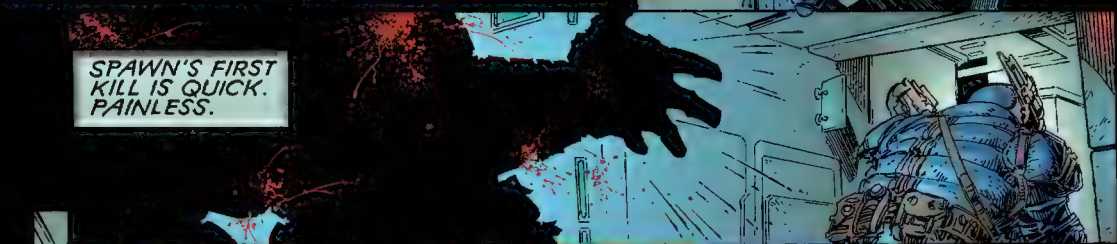
WE'VE GOT NEW ORDERS. SPLIT INTO GROUPS OF THREE AND TAKE A FLOOR.

STAY IN SIGHT OF EACH OTHER. CALL IN ANY DISTURBANCE. THE ASSAILANT MAY ALREADY BE INSIDE.



ROMANICK, SHAW, YOU'RE WITH ME. LET'S GO.

SPAWN'S FIRST KILL IS QUICK. PAINLESS.

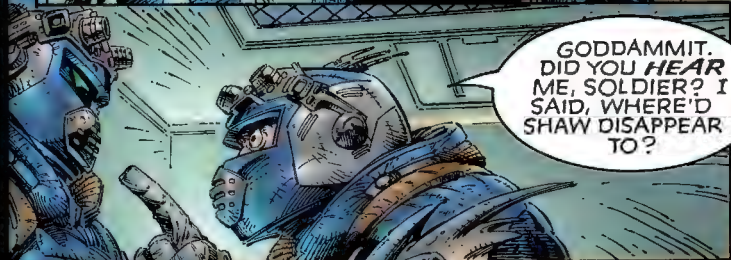


Uh?

WHERE'S SHAW?



GODDAMMIT. DID YOU **HEAR** ME, SOLDIER? I SAID, WHERE'D SHAW DISAPPEAR TO?



*SPAWN KNOWS THAT THESE MEN WILL KILL HIM ON SIGHT. IT'S HOW THEY THINK. HOW THEY'VE BEEN PROGRAMMED.*



THOUGH THEY'RE NOT HIS TARGETS, HE'S NOT ABOUT TO GIVE ANY OF THEM THE CHANCE TO SHOW WHY THEY WERE CHOSEN FOR JASON WYNN'S PRIVATE SECURITY DIVISION.



INSTEAD, HE'LL  
PROVE BEYOND  
ANY DOUBT THAT  
HIS ASSASSINS'  
SKILLS-- MIXED  
WITH POWERS  
BROUGHT UP FROM  
HELL'S BLACK  
GULLET-- RESULT IN A  
FURY THAT WILL  
NOT BE DENIED.

ANOTHER  
CRACKLE  
OF ENERGY!  
SURVEILLANCE  
SYSTEMS  
SHORT OUT.

I HAVE A  
BLACKOUT ON  
FLOOR SIX, EAST  
SECTION.

IS IT THE  
CAMERA, OR  
A POWER  
FLUCTUA-  
TION?

WORKING  
ON THAT,  
SIR.

"WELL, JUST MAKE  
SURE YOU DON'T  
LOSE CONTROL OF  
FLOOR FIFTEEN.  
WYNN'LL HAVE OUR  
BALLS IF ANYTHING  
GETS NEAR HIS  
OFFICE."

ON THAT SELFSAME FLOOR,  
A SMALL BATTALION HAS  
SECURED THEIR COMMANDER  
FROM ALL SIDES.

HOWEVER, HE  
ALLOWS NONE  
INSIDE THE  
OFFICE ITSELF.  
HE'LL NOT BE  
PANDERED TO.

HE ALONE WILL BE  
ULTIMATELY IN  
CHARGE OF THIS  
CONFRONTATION...  
AND HIS INTUITION  
TELLS HIM THAT  
SOMETHING IS  
WRONG ALREADY.

SENDING  
REINFORCE-  
MENTS TO THE  
FIFTEENTH.

NOT IF  
SPAWN CAN  
HELP IT.

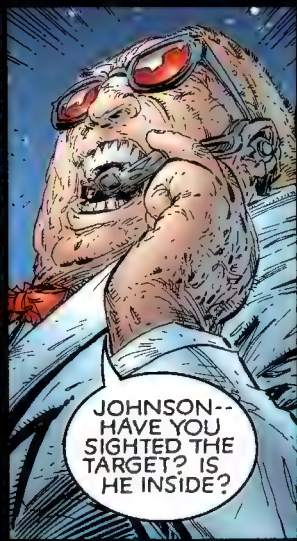
WHICH HE CAN.





WHAT'S LEFT  
AT THE BOTTOM  
BARELY  
RESEMBLES  
ANYTHING  
HUMAN.

DEAR  
GOD.



JOHNSON--  
HAVE YOU  
SIGHTED THE  
TARGET? IS  
HE INSIDE?



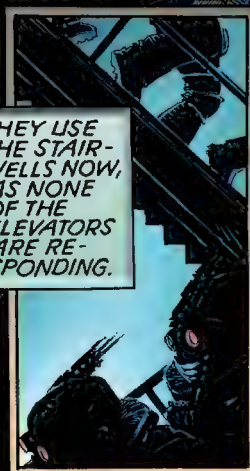
STILL  
TRYING  
TO  
VERIFY...

YOU'RE NOT  
THE ONLY ONES.  
OUR MONITORS  
HAVE GONE OUT.  
YOU GUYS ARE  
ON YOUR OWN  
NOW.

TELEPHONES  
ARE OUT TOO.  
SOMEONE GET  
TO WYNN.  
NOW!



**CRAP!**  
WE'VE GOT  
A LOSS OF  
ELECTRICAL  
POWER ON  
SEVEN.



THEY USE  
THE STAIR-  
WELLS NOW,  
AS NONE  
OF THE  
ELEVATORS  
ARE RE-  
SPONDING.



SPAWN'S  
COSTUME  
SEVERED ALL  
THE CABLES  
BEFORE  
KNOCKING  
OUT ONE OF  
THE GENER-  
ATORS.

"SEND MORE  
UNITS TO THE  
THIRD SUB-  
BASEMENT!  
**DEFEND  
THE GENER-  
ATORS!**"



WHAT DO YOU  
HAVE HERE,  
SOLDIER?



A JAMMED  
DOOR-- TO THE  
SECURITY AND  
LIGHTING  
SYSTEMS.



BLUEPRINTS  
SHOW THIS  
IS THE ONLY  
ENTRANCE.

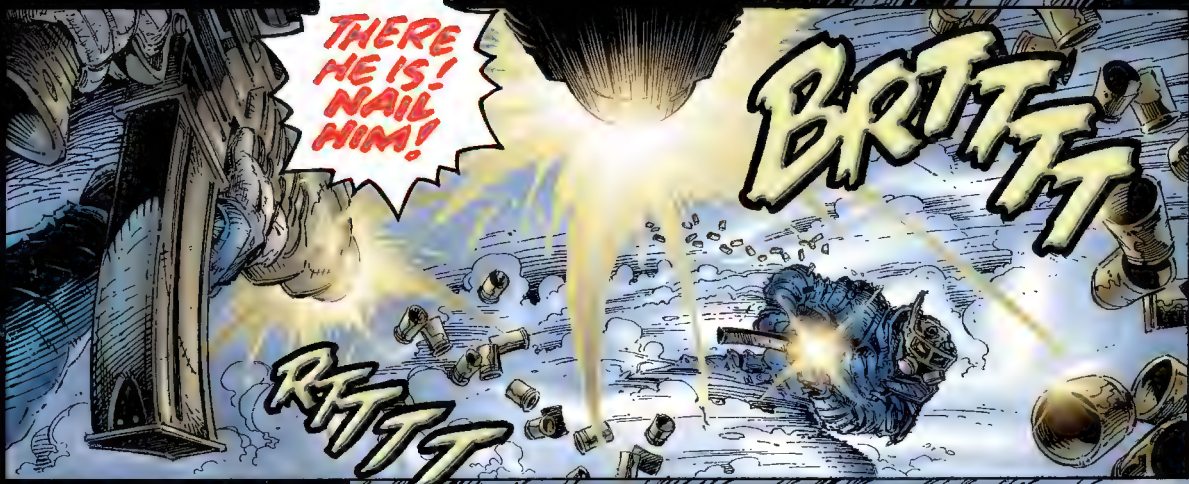


"THEN  
LET'S  
GAS IT  
FIRST."

**FOOF**

A FEW WELL-PLACED SALVOS  
WEAKEN THE HINGES,  
ALLOWING THE TROOP TO  
THEN BATTER THE DOOR OPEN.





AS A THICK TOXIC CLOUD BLANKETS THE VITAL NERVE CENTER, DARKNESS BECOMES A TREACHEROUS ALLY FOR BOTH SIDES.



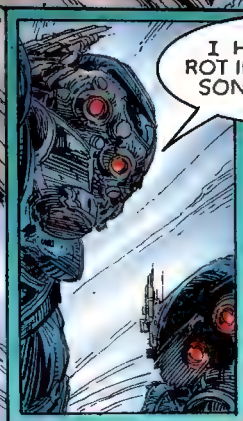
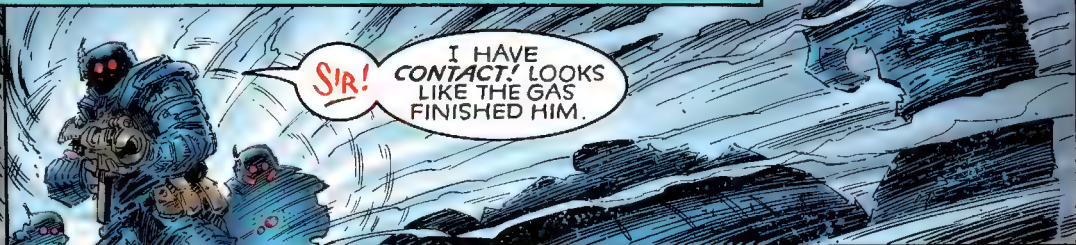
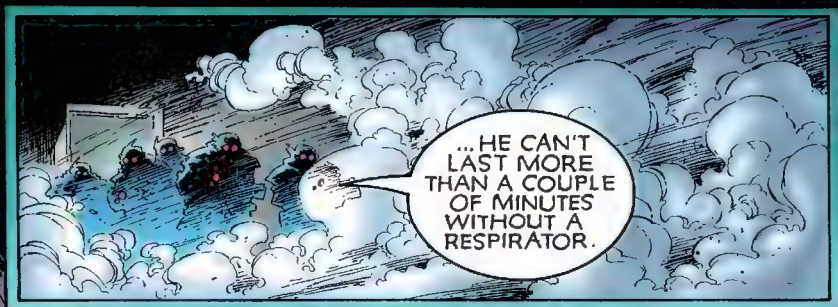
OVER HERE!  
HIS MASK!  
SOMEONE MUST HAVE WINGED THE SCUMBAG.

THAT MEANS HE'S WOUNDED, SO FAN OUT...

SWITCH TO NIGHT VISION, INFRA-RED NINE.









SILENCE IS THE MESSAGE  
NOW WHISPERING  
THROUGH THE PHONE  
LINES, ANNOUNCING A  
VERY CHILLING FACT:

SPAWN  
IS DOING  
EXACTLY  
AS HE  
PLEASES.

DAMMIT!  
WE'VE LOST  
RADIO  
CONTACT.

IT WAS NEVER  
ABOUT WIPING  
OUT AN ARMY.  
THAT COULDN'T  
BE DONE... NOT  
EVEN IN SPAWN'S  
HELLISH NEW  
FORM.

RATHER, IT WAS ONE  
OF THE OLDEST  
STRATEGIES IN THE  
BOOK: DIVIDE  
AND CONQUER.

NEARLY THREE-  
QUARTERS OF HIS  
OPPONENTS WERE  
LEFT OUTSIDE.  
AND THE REST...  
THOSE UNFORTU-  
NATE ENOUGH TO  
HAVE GOTTEN IN-  
SIDE... THEY'RE  
NOW CHASING  
SHADOWS.

A WISP, AN  
APPARITION.

AS LT. COLONEL AL SIMMONS,  
HE KNEW THE LAYOUT OF THIS  
STRUCTURE LIKE THE BACK  
OF HIS HAND.

EVEN NOW, AS THE BACK-  
UP GENERATORS KICK IN,  
HIS PRESENCE WILL BE  
THAT OF A SMALL ARMY.





ALL UNITS--  
WE HAVE DATA  
LINK-UP BACK.  
INTRUDER IS ON  
LEVEL 27.  
PROCEED...



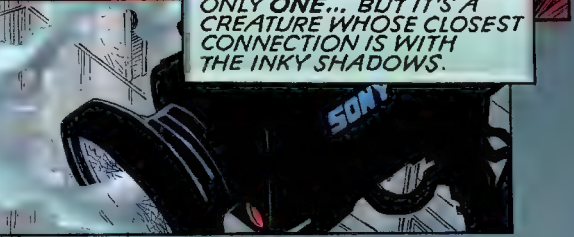
WAIT!  
SOMETHING  
ELSE IS ON  
LEVEL 8.  
I...



**CRAP!**  
WE LOST  
HIM.



THOSE  
ROOFTOP  
GENERATORS  
AREN'T HELPING  
THE PHONES!  
WE CAN'T PIN  
DOWN HOW  
MANY THERE  
ARE...



HE CAN'T BELIEVE THERE'S  
ONLY ONE... BUT IT'S A  
CREATURE WHOSE CLOSEST  
CONNECTION IS WITH  
THE INKY SHADOWS.



OVER  
THERE!  
WHAT THE  
HELL IS  
**THAT?!**



CONTROL!  
WE HAVE IT  
TRAPPED ON  
THE 17th  
FLOOR.



**BRTTT**  
**BRRT**



BRACING FOR THE WORST,  
THEY ROUND THE CORNER.

**NOTHING.**


THE HALLWAY  
IS EMPTY.

SEVERAL SECONDS PASS.  
THEN-- THE FLOOR  
BENEATH THEIR FEET  
VIBRATES--THEN CONVULSES  
WILDLY, SWALLOWING  
ALL WHO DARE STAND IN  
ITS WAY...







... LEAVING ITS  
DISPASSIONATE  
HOST FREE TO HUNT  
ELSEWHERE ...



... BLENDING  
NOW WITH  
THE SHADOWS  
THAT DRAPE  
THE ENORMOUS,  
OPULENT ROOM.



THE TIME HAS  
NOW COME  
FOR HELL'S  
GRIM REAPER  
TO MANIFEST  
ITSELF.



SPAWN  
ALLOWS JUST  
THE SLIGHTEST  
HISS TO EMANATE  
FROM HIS  
UNIFORM

THOUGH NERVOUS,  
JASON WYNN STANDS  
MOTIONLESS AS  
THE ICY HAND OF  
DEATH DRAWS NEAR.  
HE REFUSES TO  
ACKNOWLEDGE  
SPAWN'S PRESENCE

HIS HEART'S  
POUNDING  
INTENSIFIES...  
UNTIL IT FEELS  
LIKE IT'S ABOUT  
TO BURST.

IT'S  
JUDGMENT  
DAY.

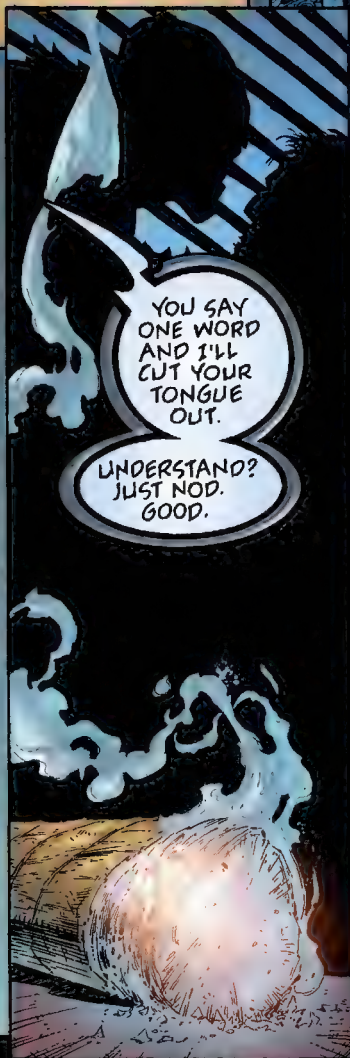


# SLAM

FROM WITHOUT,  
EFFORTS ARE  
BEING MADE TO  
INFLUENCE THE  
SIEGE'S OUTCOME.



# SLAM



YOU SAY  
ONE WORD  
AND I'LL  
CUT YOUR  
TONGUE  
OUT.

UNDERSTAND?  
JUST NOD.  
GOOD.



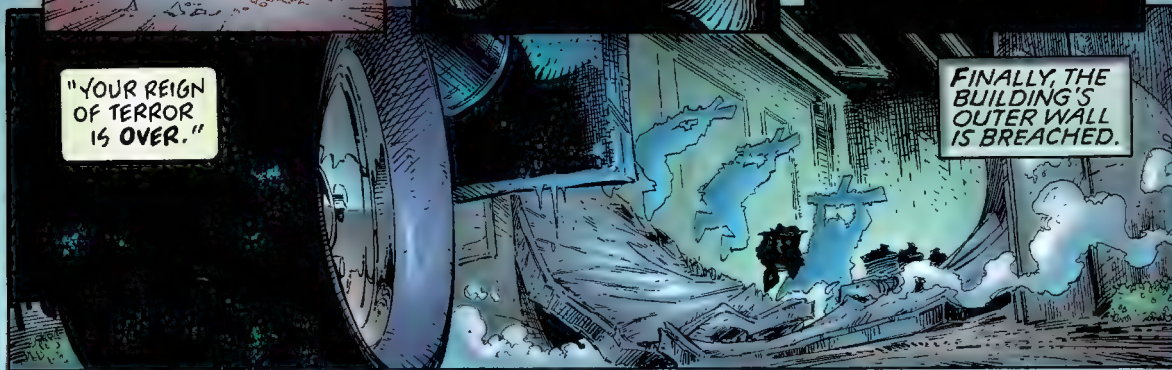
LET'S GET  
A FEW THINGS  
STRAIGHT. I'M ABOUT  
TO DESTROY YOUR LIFE.  
THE POWER BASE YOU'VE  
BUILT THROUGH MANIPU-  
LATION AND SLAUGHTER  
IS ABOUT TO  
CRUMBLE AWAY.



SEE, I  
KNOW WHAT  
MAKES YOU TICK,  
JASON. AND I'M  
GOING TO SLOWLY  
TAKE THAT AWAY  
FROM YOU. BY THE  
TIME I'M DONE YOU  
WON'T HAVE AN  
INTERNATIONAL  
CONTACT THAT'LL  
EVEN SPIT  
IN YOUR  
DIRECTION.

"YOUR REIGN  
OF TERROR  
IS OVER."

FINALLY, THE  
BUILDING'S  
OUTER WALL  
IS BREACHED.







I'M  
YOUR  
MASTER  
NOW!

SO IF YOU  
DO ANOTHER  
THING TO HARM  
WANDA OR HER FAMILY,  
I'LL MAKE IT MY  
UNHOLY MISSION  
THAT YOU DIE  
THAT SAME  
DAY.



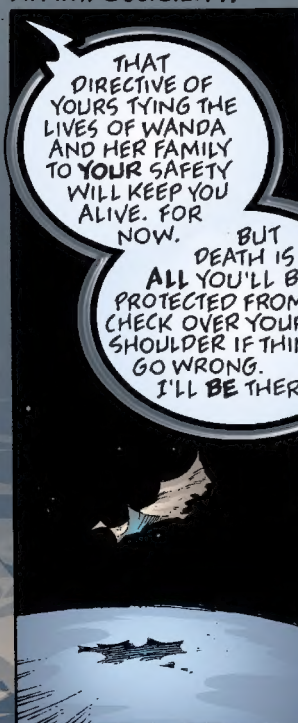
YOU'VE  
ALREADY  
SEEN THAT  
NOTHING CAN  
STOP ME. NOW,  
BEFORE I GO, I  
WANT YOU TO  
SEE WHAT  
YOU'VE  
CREATED.

I WANT  
YOU TO KNOW  
WHO'S GOING  
TO HAUNT  
YOUR EVERY  
MOVE.

THOUGH HE IS NOT AWARE OF IT,  
SPAWN'S DETERIORATION MAKES  
ANY CHANCE OF RECOGNITION  
AN IMPOSSIBILITY.

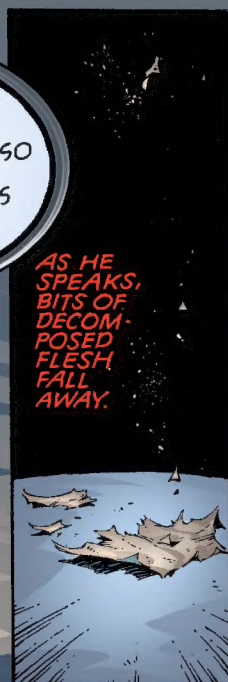


AS THE COSTUME-  
CREATURE RETRACTS,  
THE REMNANTS OF A  
MAN'S FACE ARE  
BARELY DISCERNABLE.  
ROT AND PUS-FILLED  
BLISTERS HAVE AGAIN  
COME TO DOMINATE.



THAT  
DIRECTIVE OF  
YOURS TYING THE  
LIVES OF WANDA  
AND HER FAMILY  
TO YOUR SAFETY  
WILL KEEP YOU  
ALIVE. FOR  
NOW.

BUT  
DEATH IS  
ALL YOU'LL BE  
PROTECTED FROM. SO  
CHECK OVER YOUR  
SHOULDER IF THINGS  
GO WRONG.  
I'LL BE THERE.



AS HE  
SPEAKS,  
BITS OF  
DECOM-  
POSED  
FLESH  
FALL  
AWAY.





SUDDENLY--A STAMPEDE OF HEAVY FOOT- STEPS JUST OUTSIDE WYNN'S OFFICE.

KICK DOWN THOSE DOORS!

HURRY!



I'M GOING TO BURN YOUR EMPIRE TO THE GROUND. AND YOU'LL SIT BY AND DO NOTHING-- OR YOU'RE DEAD!

YOUR DIRECTIVE BE DAMNED.



OUTSIDE, SYMBIOTE AND HOST RENDEZVOUS.

IN A MOMENT, A JOYOUS REUNION WILL MAKE THEM BOTH WHOLE AGAIN.





SIR?!

**SLAM!**



ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?! WHAT'S GOING ON HERE? WE THOUGHT YOU MIGHT BE IN TROUBLE. HE MUST'VE GOTTEN TO YOU--

NO, YOU'RE WRONG... I HAVEN'T SEEN A *THING*.



"NOT A DAMNED THING."







Tyrant  
Lizard  
King

EMPIRE